

# Northern Messenger

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## The Indian Famine.

Every mail from India brings appeals more urgent than its predecessor, for help in relieving the suffering entailed by the famine. Heretofore there has been an interval of several years between famines. In the majority of instances nineteen years have elapsed after one famine before another came; but now, before the people have had time to recover from the appalling suffering of 1897 and 1898 the monsoon has again failed and the crops have withered. The grain dealers were quick to get information of the fact, and prompt to take advantage of it by raising their prices. Thus, before scarcity was really felt, the prices of food have mounted up and up until, now, they are at the famine rate. The poor native,

feeble, women come to us declaring that they have no food, which their appearance confirms, and they acknowledge that they have not the strength to work. I have seen within the past few days young mothers with new-born children, who have not tasted food in several days. Children deserted by their parents who could not bear to see them die of hunger, have come to our house pathetically holding out their tiny hands. The missionaries are doing all in their power, but it is so little compared with the need.

Mrs. M. B. Fuller, who is laboring in Gujerat and Berar, describes the conditions there as already most painful, and as likely to grow worse from week to week until June next. Shortly before writing us, a little girl had been found in the river bed, who

other children, accepted the offer, and the girl was sold into a slavery worse than death that her family might have food for a few days. Such facts make the work that Ramabal is doing at her institution at Poona and Khedgaon especially valuable. Many of the inmates in the famine of three years ago, are now trained Christian girls, happy and hopeful under Ramabal's care.

## Things That Make a Man.

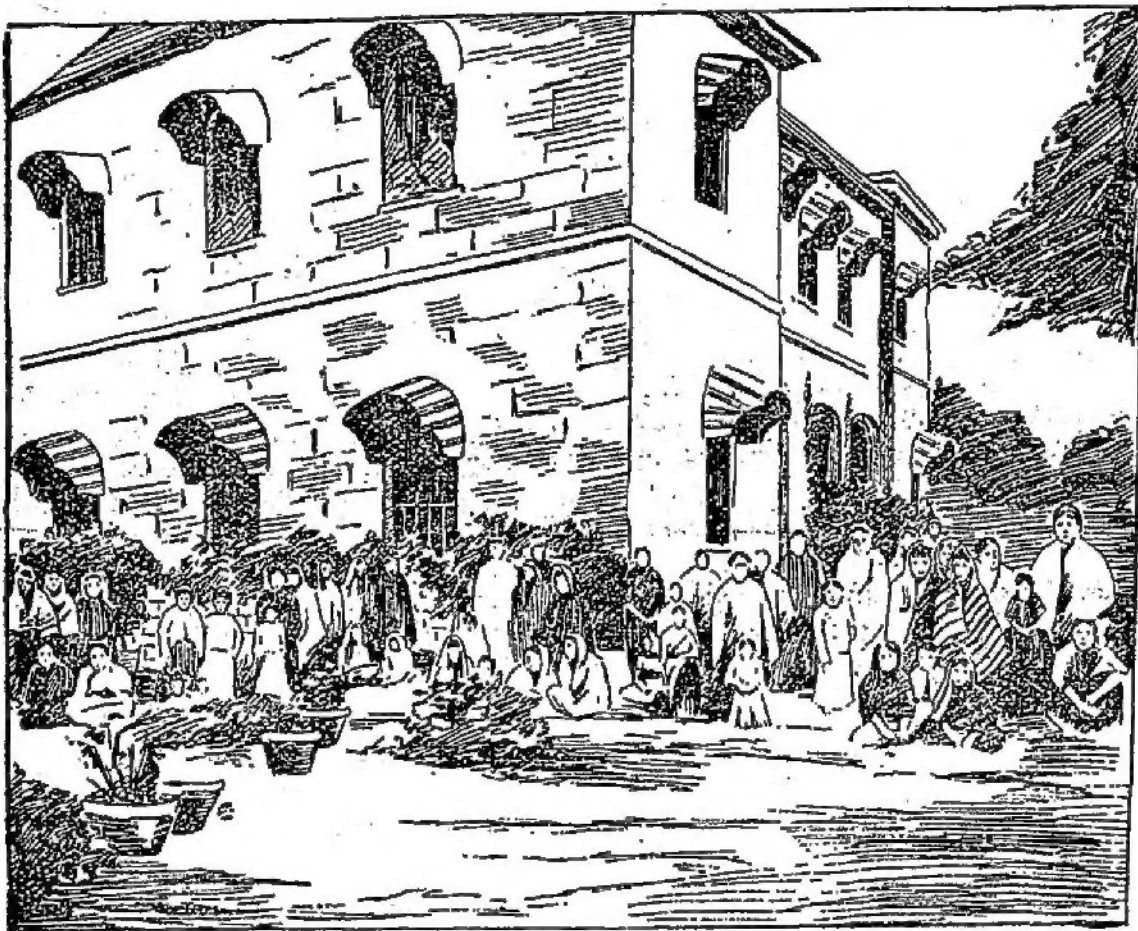
(By Robert E. Speer, in 'Wellspring'.)

Impurity is the forfeiture of manliness. The true man must be untarnished. James went so far as to declare that this is just what religion is. 'Pure religion and undefiled before our God and Father is this—that a man should keep himself unspotted.' That was his definition. The true man must be pure and clean.

Every true man, therefore, shrinks from uncleanness. He knows what it means. Impurity makes friendships impossible. It robs all of life's intercourse of its freshness and joyous innocence. It sullies all beauty. It does these chiefly because it separates men from God and his vision. 'Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? and who shall stand in his holy place? He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart.' Or as Jesus said: 'The pure in heart, they shall see God.' All truly lovely and noble things are in the kingdom of Christ, and no impure man is allowed there. 'For this ye know of a surety,' wrote Paul to the Ephesians, 'that no unclean person hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and of God.' The best and holiest is barred to the stained man. Impurity makes it impossible for him to appreciate what is pure and fine, and he is given no place where all the pure and fine things are.

There can be no such things as an impure gentleman. The two words contradict each other. A gentleman must be pure. He need not have fine clothes. He may be of lowly birth. He may have had few advantages. But he must be pure. And if he have all outward grace and gift, and be inwardly unclean, though he may call himself a gentleman he is a liar and a lie.

And as purity is thus the soul of knightliness, so it is also the source of strength and power. There came once, we read in Sir Thomas Malory's King Arthur, a maiden into King Arthur's court girded with a noble sword, and she besought some knight to draw out the sword, as it weighed heavily, and she wished deliverance, and none could free her of the sword save a good knight, who 'must be a passing good man of his hands and of his deeds, and without villainy or treachery.' And from King Arthur down the knights strove to draw forth the sword in vain, until a poor knight who 'because he was poor and poorly arrayed he put him not far in press,' did assay, saying, 'Fair damsel, worthiness and good graces and good deeds are not all only raiment, but manhood and worship is hid within man's person;' and because his heart was pure he did draw forth the sword. The pure man



RESCUED FAMINE GIRLS IN PANDITA RAMABAI'S INSTITUTION IN POONA, INDIA.

disappointed of getting a crop from his little holding, having spent every available rupee in the seed which is just now withered in the ground, goes to the banyan, as the grain merchant is called, to buy food for his family and stares aghast at the small quantity offered him for his money. Already the heart-breaking sight of emaciated creatures, pitifully pleading for one handful of grain, is becoming familiar, and the converts at the missions are begging for relief. In this emergency the missionaries have no alternative but to appeal to the friends at home who helped them before.

Rev. R. A. Huine, American Board missionary at Ahmednagar, writes: 'The famine is very sore in the land. The Government, always conservative in its estimates, reports that fully thirty million persons are now suffering. I should be surprised if the number is not greater. The magnitude of the calamity cannot be realized. The price of grain is now five measures for a rupee and I cannot remember its being higher during the previous famine. It is now a daily experience with us to have

had been thrown there to end her suffering, as her parents had no food to give her. She was taken into the mission and fed, and speedily recovered her strength.

Miss Grace E. Wilder, of the Presbyterian Mission at Miraj in the Bombay Presidency, earnestly pleads for help to succor the women and children. One dollar, she says, will support a child for a month, and even a family may be kept alive on a few cents a day. 'A lady in America writing to a missionary a little north of us, enclosed one dollar in her letter. She said: "It is only a little gift, but you may have a use for it." With that dollar a meal was provided for thirty-eight women and one child, all of whom were in urgent need of relief.'

A singularly sad feature of this fearful distress, is, that unprincipled people in India are taking advantage of the straits of parents, to purchase the native children for immoral purposes. A father and mother utterly without funds received an offer of a rupee recently for their eldest daughter, a mere child of eleven years. The parents having no food for themselves or their

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is always the stronger man. As Sir Galahad says:

'My good blade carves the casques of men,  
My tough lance thrusteth sure;  
My strength is as the strength of ten  
Because my heart is pure.'

Purity demands also that it should be kept absolutely inviolate. A British peer in a debate in the House of Lords asserted once that there were some reforms that had to be carried through to the end if carried anywhere at all. He suggested that, for example, there could be no such thing as moderate chastity. Purity must be unsullied. The true man must shrink from all defilement. 'Unspotted' must be his unwavering rule.

Christ came to make men pure. He loved his Church, and 'he gave himself up for it, that he might present it to himself a glorious Church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish.' The men whom he wished were to separate themselves from all questionable things and 'to touch no unclean thing.' The very mention of uncleanness was to be blotted out of their conversation (Eph. 5: 3.) Even as he was stainless, without defect or flaw, he would have every man stainless, too.

Now the world is full of contaminating things. And as Jesus pointed out, each man has in his own heart a fountain out of which corrupt things come and corrode the life. How can we become pure? 'The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us.' He that hath this hope (of Christ's coming and our being like him) 'in him purifieth himself even as he is pure. Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word.' And how can we keep pure? He alone who can make us clean can keep us so, but we have our part to do in hating all uncleanness, shrinking from all spot, thinking pure thoughts, cherishing pure and noble friendships, speaking sweet and true words and remembering constantly Jesus Christ, who was pure and undefiled—the kind of a man we wish to be.

Purity is a mark of manliness here. It is a sign of strength, of courage, of conquest. Impurity is a mark of cowardice, of weakness, of low taste. It is a waste and rack of blackness blurring the blue sky through which the soul looks up to God. It not only shuts those whom it soils out of the fellowship of all true men, but it bars against them the doors of the heavenly fellowship.

'Beyond our sight a city foursquare lieth  
Above the mists and fogs and clouds of  
earth.

And none but souls that Jesus purifieth  
Can taste its joys or hear its holy mirth.'

## The Find-the-Place Almanac.

### TEXTS IN EXODUS.

Jan. 28., Sun.—Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.

Jan. 29., Mon.—Six days shalt thou labor.

Jan. 30., Tues.—Honor thy father and thy mother.

Jan. 31., Wed.—Thou shalt not bear false witness.

Feb. 1., Thurs.—Thou shalt not covet.

Feb. 2., Fri.—God is come to prove you.

Feb. 3., Sat.—I will come unto thee and I will bless thee.

## Christmas at Tieng-and-Dong Sunday-School.

(N. J. Plumb.)

One need be but a little time in China to appreciate the scripture verse which says, 'And Levi made him a great feast in his house.' A feast possesses a peculiar fascination to the Chinese mind, and they show great ability in finding occasions to indulge this propensity. But of all occasions which must needs be celebrated in this way, a birthday stands pre-eminent. Accordingly the birthday of Jesus is speedily appropriated by the Chinese Christian as a day worthy of unusual honor; and the celebration of Christmas has in past years constituted one of the problems of the church. The incongruity of large outlays on the part of struggling churches is at once evident, and the question of how to discourage extensive Christmas entertainments has long been discussed. This year, as far as Tieng Ang Dong Sunday-school was concerned, the problem solved itself.

This centre of Christian influence is experiencing in many ways the influence of such meetings as those under Mr. Mott in October, and our conference session in November. Accordingly when the superintendent of the Sunday-school broached a new plan for appropriate celebration of Christmas, it received the hearty endorsement of the teachers' meeting. The plan was simple, instead of expending any sum of money upon decorations which would perish in a few days, it was proposed to raise a fund which should be expended upon some portion of the new church soon to be erected, which portion should be known as the Sunday-school Christmas Present, which should thus for years to come be a pleasure to thousands. This plan involved a real giving up of Christmas festivities, but for that reason seemed all the more in harmony with the spirit which believes 'it is better to give than to receive.'

Results proved that the teachers did not act independently of the sentiment of the school in adopting this plan. The girls at the Tai Mai Boarding School, voted to surrender the usual special Christmas dinner and devote that fund to the Christmas gift; they also took a special collection, so that their total contribution aggregated \$23. The main school, meanwhile, voted the major portion of the year's collections, and took a special collection by classes which made a total of \$46. At seven o'clock on Christmas night the church was filled with young men and older boys, for the total attendance at the school has so exceeded the accommodations that the school has been thus divided.

Several appropriate hymns were sung, and then followed an address on 'The First Christmas' by the superintendent. He closed with the thought of the whole world coming to Jesus with their best gifts. The roll of classes was called, and each sent their gifts to the table, where sat the secretary. An opportunity was then given for general subscription; and while the secretaries were calculating the results, the spiritual tone of the meeting was such that testimonies of Christmas love were called for and in a few moments many were given. At last the secretaries finished their task, and announced a grand total of \$87.20. Just what this signified cannot be understood until the result is multiplied by ten to en-

able comparison with America. So when we understand that the Christmas Present of the Tieng Ang Dong Sunday-school represented an equivalent in sacrifice and utility of \$800 in America, we can appreciate the splendid nature of this gift. But the matter did not end yet; to be sure such a Christlike Christmas left its deep blessing, but chiefly in that it revealed possibilities. On Sunday, Jan. 3, a special meeting of the teachers was held, and it was unanimously agreed that the school endeavor to raise such a sum of money on its regular Missionary Sundays, that at the next session of Conference they could ask the Bishop to appoint a preacher to some field where the gospel was never yet preached, and the school guarantee his support. And the enthusiasm with which the idea was accepted prophesies the success of the plan.

So the spirit of real devotion and consecration grows ever; and the influence of Tieng Ang Dong among those who because of their superior education must be leaders, is increasingly exerted for the development of the highest type of Christmas.—'M. E. Bulletin.'

## Baptism With a Crocodile in the Water.

'I have now to relate to you an example of native Christian courage,' added Mr. Ruskin. 'One evening, as I was sitting in my house, a native boy came to me crying, "White man, there's the crocodile." In the river there we have only one crocodile—one too many—but what a monster! "Are you not going to baptise in the river?" said the boy. "Well, if you do, we shall be eaten up." I called Mr. Sinclair, and we both of us went out to see the crocodile. The converts were to be baptised the following day. Well, we waited on the bank a long time, when up jumped a boy and shouted in terror, "There he is!" It was true—the crocodile had raised his head out of the water. Perhaps to open his jaws! We raised our rifles and were about to fire, when the monster bobbed down his head, and we saw bubbles; but not a sight of the crocodile. We went back to the station, and the converts there assembled, firm in their desire to follow the Lord Jesus in baptism, said, "We shall go into the river to-morrow morning; but pray to God that he will keep away the crocodile." And we did pray. The next morning Mr. Sinclair went into the water with four converts, and all the time I was praying, "Lord, keep away the crocodile!" The converts came up out of the water, and had no sooner done so than the crocodile was seen. Truly the Lord had kept away the crocodile. These four converts are the most faithful and consistent Christians we have at Bonganda.'

Even as a nurse, whose child's imperfect  
pace

Can hardly lead his foot from place to  
place,

Leaves her fond kissing, sets him down to  
go,

Nor does uphold him for a step or two,—  
But when she finds that he begins to fall,

She holds him up, and kisses him withal,—  
So God from man sometimes withdraws his

hand

Awhile, to teach his infant faith to stand;  
But, when he sees his feeble faith begin

To fall, he gently takes him up again.  
—Francis Quarles.

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## Black Rock.

(A tale of the Selkirks, by Ralph Connor.)

### CHAPTER IV.

#### MRS. MAVOR'S STORY.

The days that followed the Black Rock Christmas were anxious days and weary, but not for the brightest of my life would I change them now; for, as after the burning heat or rocking storm the dying day lies beautiful in the tender glow of the evening, so these days have lost their weariness and lie bathed in a misty glory. The years that bring us many ills, and that pass so stormfully over us, bear away with them the ugliness, the weariness, the pain that are theirs, but the beauty, the sweetness, the rest they leave untouched, for these are eternal. As the mountains, that near at hand seem jagged and scarred, in the far distance repose in their soft robes of purple haze, so the rough present fades into the past, soft and sweet and beautiful.

I have set myself to recall the pain and anxiety of those days and nights when we waited in fear for the turn of the fever, but I can only think of the patience and gentleness and courage of her who stood beside me, bearing more than half my burden. And while I can see the face of Leslie Graeme, ghastly or flushed, and hear his low moaning or the broken words of his delirium, I think chiefly of the bright face bending over him, and of the cool, firm, swift-moving hands that soothed and smoothed and rested, and the voice, like the soft song of a bird in the twilight, that never failed to bring peace.

Mrs. Mavor and I were much together during those days. I made my home in Mr. Craig's shack, but most of my time was spent beside my friend. We did not see much of Craig, for he was heart-deep with the miners, laying plans for the making of the League the following Thursday; and though he shared our anxiety and was ever ready to relieve us, his thought and his talk had mostly to do with the League.

Mrs. Mavor's evenings were given to the miners, but her afternoons—mostly to Graeme and to me, and then it was I saw another side of her character. We would sit in her little dining-room where the pictures on the walls, the quaint old silver, and bits of curiously cut glass, all spoke of other and different days, and thence we would roam the world of literature and art. Keenly sensitive to all the good and beautiful in these, she had her favorites among the masters, for whom she was ready to do battle; and when her argument, instinct with fancy and vivid imagination, failed, she swept away all opposing opinion with the swift rush of her enthusiasm; so that, though I felt she was beaten, I was left without words to reply. Shakespeare and Tennyson and Burns she loved, but not Shelley, nor Byron, nor even Wordsworth. Browning she knew not, and therefore could not rank him with her noblest three; but when I read to her 'A Death in the Desert' and came to the noble words at the end of the tale:

'For all was as I say and now the man  
Lies as he once lay, breast to breast with  
God.'

the light shone in her eyes, and she said, 'Oh, that is good and great; I shall get much out of him; I had always feared he was impossible.' And 'Paracelsus,' too, stirred her; but when I recited the thrilling

fragment, 'Prospice,' on to that closing rapturous cry—

'Then a light, then thy breast,  
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee  
again,  
And with God be the rest!'

the red color faded from her cheek, her breath came in a sob, and she rose quickly and passed out without a word. Ever after, Browning was among her gods. But when we talked of music, she, adoring Wagner, soared upon the wings of the mighty Tannhauser, far above, into regions unknown; leaving me to walk soberly with Beethoven and Mendelssohn. Yet with all our frank, free talk, there was all the while that in her gentle courtesy, which kept me from venturing into any chamber of her life whose door she did not freely open to me. So I vexed myself about her, and when Mr. Craig returned the next week from the Landing where he had been for some days, my first question was:

'Who is Mrs. Mavor? And how in the name of all that is wonderful and unlikely does she come to be here? And why does she stay?'

He would not answer then; whether it was that his mind was full of the coming struggle, or whether he shrank from the tale, I know not; but that night, when we sat together beside his fire he told me the story while I smoked. He was worn with his long, hard drive, and with the burden of his work, but as he went on with his tale, looking into the fire as he told it, he forgot all his present weariness and lived again the scenes he painted for me. This was his story:

'I remember well my first sight of her, as she sprang from the front seat of the stage, hardly touching her husband's hand. She looked a mere girl. Let's see—five years ago—she couldn't have been a day over twenty-three. She looked barely twenty. Her swift glance swept over the group of miners at the hotel door, and then rested on the mountains standing in all their autumn glory.

I was proud of our mountains that evening. Turning to her husband, she exclaimed, "O Lewis, are they not grand? and lovely, too?" Every miner lost his heart then and there, but all waited for Abe the driver to give his verdict before venturing to give an opinion. Abe said nothing until he had taken a preliminary drink, and then, calling all hands to fill up, he lifted his glass high, and said solemnly:

"Boys, here's to her."

'Like a flash every glass was emptied, and Abe called out, "Fill her up again, boys! My treat!"

'He was evidently quite worked up. Then he began, with solemn emphasis:

"Boys, you hear me! She's a No. 1, triple X, the pure quill with a bead on it; she's a—," and for the first time in his Black Rock history Abe was stuck for a word. Some one suggested "angel."

"Angel!" repeated Abe, with infinite contempt. "Angel—he blowed," (I paraphrase here); "angels ain't in the same month with her; I'd like to see any blanked angel swing my team around them curves without a shiver."

"Held the lines herself, Abe?" asked a miner.

"That's what," said Abe; and then he went off into a fusillade of scientific profanity, expressive of his esteem for the girl who had swung his team round the curves; and the miners nodded to each other, and

winked their entire approval of Abe's performance, for this was his specialty.

'Very decent fellow, Abe, but his talk wouldn't print.'

Here Craig paused, as if balancing Abe's virtues and vices.

'Well,' I urged, 'who is she?'

'Oh, yes,' he said, recalling himself; 'she is an Edinburgh young lady—met Lewis Mavor, a young Scotch-Englishman, in London—wealthy, good family, and all that, but fast and going to pieces at home. His people, who own large shares in these mines here, as a last resort sent him out here to reform. Curiously innocent ideas those old country people have of the reforming properties of this atmosphere! They send their young bloods here to reform. Here! in this devil's camp-ground, where a man's lust is his only law, and when, from sheer monotony, a man must betake himself to the only excitement of the place—that offered by the saloon. Good people in the east hold up holy hands of horror at these godless miners; but I tell you it's asking these boys a good deal to keep straight and clean in a place like this. I take my excitement in fighting the devil and doing my work generally, and that gives me enough; but these poor chaps—hard worked, homeless, with no break or change—God help them and me!' and his voice sank low.

'Well,' I persisted, 'did Mavor reform?'

Again he roused himself. 'Reform? Not exactly. In six months he had broken through all restraint; and, mind you, not the miners' fault—not a miner helped him down. It was a sight to make angels weep when Mrs. Mavor would come to the saloon door for her husband. Every miner would vanish; they could not look upon her shame, and they would send Mavor forth in the charge of Billy Breen, a queer little chap, who had belonged to the Mavors in some way in the old country, and between them they would get him home. How she stood it puzzles me to this day; but she never made any sign, and her courage never failed. It was always a bright, brave, proud face she held up to the world—except in church; there it was different. I used to preach my sermons, I believe, mostly for her—but never so that she could suspect—as bravely and as cheerily as I could. And as she listened, and especially as she sang—how she used to sing in those days!—there was no touch of pride in her face, though the courage never died out, but appeal, appeal! I could have cursed aloud the cause of her misery, or wept for the pity of it. Before her baby was born he seemed to pull himself together, for he was quite mad about her, and from the day the baby came—talk about miracles!—from that day he never drank a drop. She gave the baby over to him, and the baby simply absorbed him.

'He was a new man. He could not drink whiskey and kiss his baby. And the miners—it was really absurd if it were not so pathetic. It was the first baby in Black Rock, and they used to crowd Mavor's shop and peep into the room at the back of it—I forgot to tell you that when he lost his position as manager he opened a hardware shop, for his people chucked him, and he was too proud to write home for money—just for a chance to be asked in to see the baby. I came upon Nixon standing at the back of the shop, after he had seen the baby for the first time, sobbing hard, and to my question he replied: "It's just like my own." You can't understand this. But to men who have lived so long in the mountains

that they have forgotten what a baby looks like, who have had experience of humanity only in its roughest, foulest form, this little mite, sweet and clean, was like an angel fresh from heaven, the one link in all that black camp that bound them to what was purest and best in their past.

'And to see the mother and her baby handle the miners!

'Oh, it was all beautiful beyond words! I shall never forget the shock I got one night when I found "Old Ricketts" nursing the baby. A drunken old beast he was; but there he was sitting, sober enough, making extraordinary faces at the baby, who was grabbing at his nose and whiskers and cooing in blissful delight. Poor "Old Ricketts" looked as if he had been caught stealing, and muttering something about having to go, gazed wildly round for some place in which to lay the baby, when in came the mother, saying in her own sweet, frank way: "O Mr. Ricketts" (she didn't find out till afterwards his name was Shaw), "would you mind keeping her just a little longer?—I shall be back in a few minutes."

'But in six months mother and baby, between them, transformed 'Old Ricketts' into Mr. Shaw, fire-boss of the mines. And then in the evenings, when she would be singing her baby to sleep, the little shop would be full of miners, listening in dead silence to the baby-songs, and the English songs, and the Scotch songs she poured forth without stint, for she sang more for them than for her baby. No wonder they adored her. She was so bright, so gay, she brought light with her when she went into the camp, into the pits—for she went down to see the men work—or into a sick found in that back room cheer and comfort miner's shack; and many a man, lonely and sick for home or wife, or baby or mother, and courage, and to many a poor broken wretch that room became, as one miner put it "the anteroom to heaven."

He put his face in his hands and shuddered.

Mr. Craig paused, and I waited. Then he went on slowly—

'For a year and a half that was the happiest home in all the world, till one day—'

'I don't think I can ever forget the awful horror of that bright fall afternoon, when "Old Ricketts" came breathless to me and gasped, "Come! for the dear Lord's sake," and I rushed after him. At the mouth of the shaft lay three men dead. One was Lewis Mavor. He had gone down to superintend the running of a new drift; the two men, half drunk with Slavin's whiskey, set off a shot prematurely, to their own and Mavor's destruction. They were badly burned, but his face was untouched. A miner was sponging off the bloody froth oozing from his lips. The others were standing about waiting for me to speak. But I could find no word, for my heart was sick, thinking, as they were, of the young mother and her baby waiting at home. So I stood, looking stupidly from one to the other, trying to find some reason—coward that I was—why another should bear the news rather than I. And while we stood there, looking at one another in fear, there broke upon us the sound of a voice mounting high above the birch tops, singing—

"Will ye no' come back again?  
Will ye no' come back again?  
Better lo'ed ye canna be,  
Will ye no' come back again?"

'A strange terror seized us. Instinctively the men closed up in front of the body, and stood in silence. Nearer and nearer came the clear, sweet voice, ringing like a silver bell up the steep—

"Sweet the lay-rock's note and lang,  
Liltin' wildly up the glen,  
But aye tae ma he sings ae sang,  
Will ye no' come back again?"

'Before the verse was finished "Old Ricketts" had dropped on his knees, sobbing out brokenly, "O God! O God! have pity, have pity!"—and every man took off his hat. And still the voice came nearer, singing so brightly the refrain,

"Will ye no' come back again?"

'It became unbearable. "Old Ricketts" sprang suddenly to his feet, and, gripping me by the arm, said piteously, "Oh, go to her! for Heaven's sake, go to her!" I next remember standing in her path and seeing her holding out her hands full of red lilies, crying out, "Are they not lovely? Lewis is so fond of them!" With the promise of much finer ones I turned her down a path toward the river, talking I know not what folly, till her great eyes grew grave, then anxious and my tongue stammered and became silent. Then, laying her hand upon my arm, she said with gentle sweetness, "Tell me your trouble, Mr. Craig, and I knew my agony had come, and I burst out, "Oh, if it were only mine!" She turned quite white, and with her deep eyes—you've noticed her eyes—drawing the truth out of mine, she said, "Is it mine, Mr. Craig, and my baby's?" I waited, thinking with what words to begin. She put one hand to her heart, and with the other caught a little poplar-tree that shivered under her grasp, and said with white lips, but even more gently, "Tell me." I wondered at my voice being so steady as I said, "Mrs. Mavor, God will help you and your baby. There has been an accident—and it is all over."

'She was a miner's wife, and there was no need for more. I could see the pattern of the sunlight falling through the trees upon the grass. I could hear the murmur of the river, and the cry of the cat-bird in the bushes, but we seemed to be in a strange and unreal world. Suddenly she stretched out her hands to me, and with a little moan said, "Take me to him."

"Sit down for a moment or two," I entreated.

"No, no! I am quite ready. See," she added quietly, "I am quite strong."

'I set off by a short cut leading to her home, hoping the men would be there before us; but, passing me, she walked swiftly through the trees, and I followed in fear. As we came near the main path I heard the sound of feet, and I tried to stop her, but she, too, had heard and knew. "Oh, let me go!" she said piteously; "you need not fear." And I had not the heart to stop her. In a little opening among the pines we met the bearers. When the men saw her, they laid their burden gently down upon the carpet of yellow pine-needles, and then, for they had the hearts of true men in them, they went away into the bushes and left her alone with her dead. She went swiftly to his side, making no cry, but kneeling beside him she stroked his face and hands, and touched his curls with her fingers, murmuring all the time soft words of love. "O my darling, my bonnie, bonnie darling, speak to me! Will ye not speak to me just one little word? O my love, my love, my heart's love! Listen, my darling!" And she put her lips to his ear, whispering, and then the awful stillness. Suddenly she lifted her head and scanned his face, and then, glancing round with a wild surprise in her eyes, she cried, "He will not speak to me! Oh, he will not speak to me!" I signed to the men, and as they came forward I went to her and took her hands.

"Oh," she said with a wail in her voice; "he will not speak to me." The men were sobbing aloud. She looked at them with wide-open eyes of wonder. "Why are they weeping? Will he never speak to me again? Tell me," she insisted gently. The words were running through my head—

"There's a land that is fairer than day,"

and I said them over to her, holding her hands firmly in mine. She gazed at me as if in a dream, and the light slowly faded from her eyes as she said, tearing her hands from mine and waving them towards the mountains and the woods—

"But never more here? Never more here?"

'I believe in heaven and the other life, but I confess that for a moment it all seemed shadowy beside the reality of this warm, bright world, full of life and love. She was very ill for two nights, and when the coffin was closed a new baby lay in the father's arms.

'She slowly came back to life, but there were no more songs. The miners still come about her shop, and talk to her baby, and bring her their sorrows and troubles; but though she is always gentle, almost tender, with them, no man ever says "Sing." And that is why I am glad she sang last week; it will be good for her and good for them.'

'Why does she stay?' I asked.

'Mavor's people wanted her to go to them,' he replied.

'They have money—she told me about it, but her heart is in the grave up there under the pines; and besides, she hopes to do something for the miners, and she will not leave them.'

I am afraid I snorted a little impatiently as I said, 'Nonsense! why, with her face, and manner, and voice she could be anything she liked in Edinburgh or in London.'

'And why Edinburgh or London?' he asked coolly.

'Why?' I repeated a little hotly. 'You think this is better?'

'Nazareth was good enough for the Lord of glory,' he answered, with a smile none too bright; but it drew my heart to him, and my heat was gone.

'How long will she stay?' I asked.

'Till her work is done,' he replied.

'And when will that be?' I asked impatiently.

'When God chooses,' he answered gravely; 'and don't you ever think but that it is worth while. One value of work is not that crowds stare at it. Read history, man!'

He rose abruptly and began to walk about. 'And don't miss the whole meaning of the Life that lies at the foundation of your religion. Yes,' he added to himself, 'the work is worth doing—worth even her doing.'

I could not think so then, but the light of the after years proved him wiser than I. A man, to see far, must climb to some height, and I was too much upon the plain in those days to catch even a glimpse of distant sunlit uplands of triumphant achievement that lie beyond the valley of self-sacrifice.

(To be continued.)

Go.

Over and over the cry is heard,  
'Come and bring us the saving word,'  
Over and over the message rings,  
From the loving lips of the King of Kings,  
'Go, and tell them, 'tis My command,  
'Go, and tell them in every land,'  
And while one soul of the sons of men  
Waits for the word from the lips or pen,  
We who have heard it, must tell it again.

## Them Forehanded Carsons.

(By Elizabeth Patterson, in 'Forward'.)

The Carson children consisted of Tom, aged nineteen, strong, methodical, and ambitious to become a farmer; Walter, aged seventeen, caring more for his books and dreams than for outside sports; and Mary and Alice, aged fifteen and thirteen respectively, bright, capable, and already well advanced in cooking and general household economies.

They had been living with an uncle and now, at his death, were thrown on their own resources. Uncle Jason Carson had lost an arm in the war, and his pension, and the small sums which Tom and Walter could make during school vacations and at odd hours, had enabled them to live very comfortably.

A few miles back in the country was a small hillside farm, which had been in the Carson family for several generations. Many years before the house had been destroyed by fire, and since then Uncle Jason had abandoned the farm to encroaching briars and shrubs. He was not able to rebuild and could find no one who wished to buy or rent. So the farm had been allowed to deteriorate year after year; and now it belonged to the children.

As yet they had no definite plan. Tom wished to go west and look for a homestead; Walter had no views, and was willing to leave everything to the rest; the girls wanted to remain.

The farm was in a poor locality, and many of the neighbors found it difficult to make even a bare living from their rocky acres. It would be almost impossible to sell it at any price; and yet without money they could not go west, or, indeed, anywhere. But they must do something.

One day Tom came in with a dissatisfied expression on his face.

'Old John Halliday will give two hundred dollars for the place,' he said, as he drew a chair to a window and drummed impatiently upon the sill. 'He says that times are hard and a farm is a poor investment. Besides, our place is run down and has no house.'

'Uncle Jason used to say it was worth a thousand, easy,' observed Walter looking up from his book.

'I know, but what are we to do about it? There are half a dozen farms for sale in the neighborhood, and—nobody wants to buy; and ours is four miles from a railway, or from any kind of a market. Mr. Halliday says that any price is a good price. I don't like the idea of selling, but we must do something. I—would like to go west; but after our fares were taken out of two hundred dollars—there wouldn't be much left for farm tools.'

'If all of us could get work maybe we could stay here right along,' ventured Mary.

'But we can't get work,' said Tom, gloomily. 'I have tried everywhere I can think of. Folks feel too poor just now to hire much. I have been thinking of going back into the country and hiring out on some farm. My wages would help you a little.'

Walter threw his book on the table with a bang. 'I move we go west,' he cried, with sudden energy. 'We must try to keep together somehow. The two hundred dollars would pay our fares, and Tom and I would be sure to get enough work to keep us from starving. I have been studying up chicken raising lately, and I believe there's money in it. Andy Hopkins tells me it is worth more to him than farming. He sells the chickens to the hotels down on the Point.'

'Oh, I don't doubt there's money in it.'

returned Tom, without much animation, 'but one must have land for that as well as for farming. If I were sure we could get steady work, or a homestead, I would vote for going west. But it would be a bad job to take all of you out there to starve.'

'Folks don't generally starve when they're strong and willing to work,' said Mary, sturdily. 'I would rather stay here, but am willing to go west if you think best. We could get along somehow. All of us are healthy and strong.'

So far impulsive, quick-witted Alice had not spoken. Now she looked up with a sudden light in her eyes.

'If you should find a homestead, Tom,

'Do you expect to find one on the government land?'

Tom turned to the window and looked out. Walter rose and made a profound bow to Alice, then he picked up the book and resumed his reading.

Presently Tom turned back with a whimsical smile on his face. 'Funny none of us thought of that before,' he said; 'but I believe you are right, Alice. The best thing we can do will be to homestead the old homestead. We have plenty of furniture and a few garden tools to begin with; and before winter comes we can build some kind of shelter. We will have to commence as our great-grandfather did—with a log cabin,' throwing back his head with



THE AIR WAS MELODIOUS WITH THE 'PEEP, PEEP' OF YOUNG CHICKENS.

how far do you suppose it would be from a railway?' she asked.

'Oh, I don't know,' he replied, vaguely; 'maybe ten or twenty miles, perhaps more. Government land is getting scarce, the papers say. Of course, we couldn't expect to find it in sight of the railways.'

Alice opened the oven door and looked critically at the bread she was baking.

'Grasshoppers and droughts and cyclones hurt the farm crops sometimes, don't they, Tom?' she asked as she shut the door and rose to her feet.

'Yes, I believe so,' ceasing his drumming and looking at her questioningly.

'Our land is only four miles from a railway,' she suggested.

Tom and Walter looked at her blankly for a moment. Mary began to clap her hands softly.

'But there isn't any house on our land,' objected Tom at length.

an unconscious move of decision that well became his strong, athletic figure. 'This summer we will have to camp out. You girls can use the tent, and Walter and I will rig up some kind of shelter near by. Walter can commence his poultry business, and I will get out logs for our cabin. We will clear up and fence all the old fields we can for next year's planting. How does it suit you?'

'Splendid!' 'Tip-top!' cried the girls in a breath.

'Regular lark!' echoed Walter. 'When shall we move?'

'At once. We have only thirty dollars, and must make that go just as far as we can. Probably we'll not earn much this summer; but there'll be no rent to pay, and we can live very cheaply; and we'll be getting ready for next year. Of course, our land is poor and needs to be brought up; but, on the other hand, we have better mar-

kets than they have out west. I think we can make a go of it.'

'Of course, we can,' cried Alice, enthusiastically. 'Mary and I will make a garden and raise all the vegetables we want, and we will pick huckleberries. Perhaps we can sell some in the village. Then there are lots of apple trees and quince bushes on the place. Next fall we will have barrels of fruit. It will be no end of fun.'

'And work,' added Tom, quietly. 'But I think we will all like it. As you say, there is lots of fruit, and as soon as we get the land ready we will put in strawberries and currants, and such things. None of the farmers round here raise them, and I think we can establish a good business.'

'Why can't we get out some railway ties?' asked Walter, as he once more closed his book and pushed it back on the table. 'You know we have splendid timber on the place. I heard Sam Jenkins say that his father was going to give up farming this summer just to get out road ties. The railway company wants a big lot. Sam's father says it will pay better than farming. We could get somebody to haul them for us.'

'Good idea!' exclaimed Tom, who was taken with the project. 'We shall need some ready money to get our fruit and poultry business under way, and this will be just the thing. Uncle Jason used to grumble because his fields had grown up timber. Wood wasn't worth anything in this country, he said, and the land would all have to be cleared over again. But if we can sell it off for ties it will be worth almost as much to us as meadow land. Seventy-five or a hundred dollars will come in pretty handy next fall. Maybe we can put aside enough by another year to buy an old horse and waggon.'

The next morning the owner of the small cottage was notified that his house would not be wanted after the end of the month; and then Tom and Walter hired a horse and waggon and took a small load of lumber and their tent out to the farm. A few days were sufficient to build a rough-board shanty and to put up the tent; and then they made the camp as attractive as possible for the reception of the girls. Such furniture as could be used was brought out, and the rest stored with a neighbor until they should have a cabin to receive it.

It was still early in May, but the weather was warm and dry. The girls were delighted with everything, and even Walter almost forgot that there were such things in the world as books. As the weeks went by the dreamy indecision left his face, and he became almost as eager and enthusiastic as Alice herself.

A neighbor was hired to plough a small piece of ground near the camp, and this was planted for vegetables and placed under the charge of Mary and Alice. Tom and Walter spent most of their time in the woods getting out ties. Already there were numerous coops scattered about the camp, and the air was melodious with the 'peep, peep,' of young chickens.

By the end of September they had put aside over a hundred dollars. Near the site of the old farmhouse was a great pile of logs which the boys had selected and hauled during the summer. A carpenter was hired to have oversight of the building, and with his help, and an occasional lift from the neighbors, the cabin went up rapidly. Before cold weather arrived the children were comfortably installed in their new home.

After the carpenter was paid, and the rest of the furniture brought from the village, they had nearly forty dollars left.

This was expended in provisions and farm tools.

During the winter Tom and Walter worked at their ties as steadily as the weather would permit. In the spring they bought a horse and cow, but were obliged to wait until the next fall before they could purchase a waggon. This year they set strawberries and currants and some fruit trees, and Walter added turkeys and geese to his poultry business. The next year they bought a pair of oxen and more tools, and several new fields were fenced in. At the end of five years the log cabin was replaced by a neat, frame house, and they were spoken of by the neighbors as 'Them fore-handed Carsons.'

### Three Interviews With Death

(By T. C. Marshall, in N. Y. 'Witness.')

For my own part I must confess to having a very small amount of faith in what are called 'death-bed repentances'—at any rate when such occurrences take place within a short period of dissolution. And my skepticism on this point does not arise from any doubt as to either the willingness or the power of God to save any person at any time, but from the recollection of three occurrences in my own experience, and the circumstances attending them.

There have been three occasions in my life when I felt myself to be face to face with death, well knowing that my peace had not been made with God, and in perfect control of all my mental powers. Yet in neither of these critical times did I make even an attempt to pray. And more than that; the thoughts uppermost in my mind were concerning matters of trivial moment even as compared with the preservation of my physical life, and infinitely more so compared with the realities of the future life for him who has not prepared to meet his God.

Nor was this curious condition of mind to be accounted for by either ignorance of, or hostility to, orthodox ideas of the plan of salvation. The truth of the Bible (in the main), and the probabilities of eternal punishment for all those who rejected the atoning sacrifice of Jesus Christ—these, and many more truths I had been taught from my earliest childhood. I had accepted them with my intellect, as part of my religion, but like hundreds of others, had proved to my sorrow the tremendous practical difference that there is between a religion of the head and a religion of the heart.

But, although travel, and change of surroundings robbed me of much of what religion I had, I never abandoned either attendance at public worship, or associating myself with the people of God. Nor did my outer life, on the whole, give any positive sign, to an ordinary observer, that I lacked what so many of my friends possessed and professed.

\* \* \* \* \*

The first of the incidents to which I refer happened in Kansas City, Mo., in one of the 'seventies'—I think, 1876.

That winter Dr. Munhall was announced to hold some large revival meetings in Ccates's Opera House, and one Sunday evening I went to hear him, accompanied by a young lady. We sat in the front gallery directly facing the stage, and several seats back. The place was crowded with people and the speaker of the evening was support-

ed by a large company of singers from different churches.

The service had opened as usual, and Dr. Munhall had commenced his address when I heard a fire-bell sounding from one of the stations. I did not take much notice of it, but a little while after I heard an engine clatter past the opera house. A few moments after it had done so some foolish (or malicious) person on the floor of the house uttered a loud cry of 'Fire!'

Even at this day, more than twenty years after, I can behold the scene of the next few minutes clearly before my eyes. From the rows of seats on the floor and in the galleries the people rose and rushed over the backs of the seats like the waves of the sea. A dense cloud of dust rose up in the centre of the building. The chorus of singers vanished from the stage in less time than it takes to write this, leaving Dr. Munhall standing alone, waving his hands to the audience to resume their seats, and, no doubt, assuring them that the alarm was a false one.

Away up in the corner where I sat 'the air was blue' with the imprecations of a number of men who did not lose their heads, hurled in vain at the fugitives who rushed past them, leaving in most cases, hats, umbrellas, and overcoats behind them. In a seat a little in front of me, and to my right, one such hero left three ladies as well as his personal belongings.

I sat perfectly still. So far as I could see, there was no way of escape in the direction of the doors of the building. I noticed, however, that the floor of the house was rapidly becoming empty, and I noticed what looked like a doorway under the stage, though I had no idea as to where it would lead.

The night was cold, and my companion wore a thick woollen shawl. I was turning over in my mind a plan for letting her down by means of this shawl into the body of the theatre, and trying to get her out by some door or other in the direction of the stage, when she put her hand on my arm, and said, in a frightened tone, 'Let's get out! Let's get out!'

Instantly there flashed through my mind a recollection of the fire in a theatre in Brooklyn when Kate Claxton was playing in 'The Two Orphans,' and the fact that on that occasion numbers of persons were so trampled upon in the panic that their remains were almost, if not quite, unrecognizable after the fire had been extinguished.

When the frightened girl then suggested our flight, I turned round, gripped her hands tighter than I ever gripped a woman's hands before or since, and said, 'No you don't! If we're going to die, we'll be suffocated in a respectable manner; but we won't be trampled under foot, so that the police won't know us when they get us out!'

That was the thought uppermost with me when I did not know that either of us had five minutes more to live.

The panic did not last long, fortunately. How it happened that no life was lost is one of the mysteries of divine Providence. But order was restored in a short time, and a considerable proportion of the congregation remained till the close of the service, of whom my friend and I were two. I have no recollection, however, that either of us then, or at any other time, thanked God for the preservation of our lives. Certainly,

neither of us consecrated the life given back as it were almost from the shadow of death to him for his use.

\* \* \* \* \*

The second incident took place far away from Kansas City, — near the city of Ningpo, China. I was staying with Dr. S. P. Banchet, a medical missionary, working there, and one evening he and I went to bathe in a canal near his house, taking a long bamboo with us, with which we wanted to help his eldest son to learn to swim.

We remained in the water rather too long for my strength, and I became exhausted when out of my depth and some distance from the bank. I retained my faculties perfectly. I came up once and sank, and came up twice and sank. I knew I had only one more time to rise, and I felt sure my time had come to die. Still I uttered no prayer for help, either physical or spiritual, but the thought took possession of me, 'I wonder whether I shall die easy!'

As I came up the third time, the doctor saw me. His face represented the very embodiment of pallid terror. Within his reach, however, was the long bamboo we had used to give his boy a lesson in swimming, and he pushed this toward me, striking out in my direction at the same time. I gripped the bamboo, and he soon had me safe on the bank of the canal.

\* \* \* \* \*

On the third occasion there were probabilities of death coming from three directions (for practical purposes) at once, and yet the first and last and entire thought occupying my mind was the safe preservation of certain papers in my possession.

I was making a voyage to one of the islands of the Chusan Archipelago in a Chinese junk chartered by an Englishman with whom I was sailing. He and I were the only white men on the junk, and I think our firearms included only one shot gun and revolver.

One evening we were trying to make a small harbor. The sun had set some time before, but there was enough moonlight to enable our boatmen to see where they were going, if they would only exercise reasonable care. We had our doubts, however, as to whether they were really doing this. And we were well aware, too, that the inhabitants of all the islands among which we sailed had an ancient reputation for skill and daring in the successful practice of the arts as well as the science of piracy. We also well knew that there were many places in Shanghai where they could get at least a fair price for any articles of foreign make they might offer for sale there, without any question being asked as to the source of supply.

We had not been altogether unobservant of what looked like a 'lack of care' on the part of our sailors once or twice during that day and the day before, and after sundown we took the precaution of being both of us on deck until the junk should be anchored for the night in this harbor.

As we were turning round to make this little port I noticed the indications of shallow water over a rock, and said to the Englishman, 'He's going to run us on that rock I believe,' and the words were hardly out of my mouth before we were resting square on the top—not of that rock, but of another one near it. The junk pitched up and

down once or twice, and then slid off. Had she been a European or American built boat her bottom would have been stove in, and she would have sunk in a few minutes.

This was what we expected she would do. I rushed down into the cabin to get some papers of value to others as well as to myself and then returned to the deck.

The outlook was death by drowning if the vessel sank. The water was inhabited by sharks and the shore was at least half a mile away, so that swimming offered no reasonable chance of escape.

Our men began shouting with all their might and a boat put out to our assistance. We saw a number of men start in it from the shore, but for anything we knew to the contrary, they were just as likely to cut our throats when they reached us as to help us.

I remained perfectly cool and calm. The revolver and the shotgun were already loaded, and my friend and I got them within reach, prepared to sell our lives as dearly as possible if we found ourselves compelled to fight.

But no prayer to God for help, no attempt at preparation of any kind for eternity, no thought of any need of our souls, or asking for forgiveness of sin or comfort in the hour of death.

For several minutes we faced eternity in this way.

But the junk was built in Asiatic style, of Asiatic materials, and manned by Asiatic mariners. Her bottom was made of thick, solid timbers, put together and caulked in such a way that when she struck the rock and slid off it again the only effect was to make some long and serious openings between the timbers, but not to make any great hole. Into these rents, such as they were, the crew stuffed rice bags containing rice.

By the time the boat from the land reached us we were comparatively safe so far as sinking was concerned. Still we judged it safer to arrange with the men who had come out to us to stand by till the morning, when we ran right up to the shore and beached the junk before trusting ourselves in her again on the open sea.

\* \* \* \* \*

The point that strikes me forcibly when I remember these episodes in my own life is not that there was not time for me to have looked after my own soul, but that there was no 'desire' to do so, although there was in each instance full realization of the peril in view. The mind though perfectly clear and calm, was fully taken up with things of comparative triviality.

As compared with the realities of Heaven or Hell, one or other of which certainly seemed within a few minutes of realization in the first two cases, what would it matter whether strangers recognized my features after death or whether I died 'easily' or otherwise?

On any one of these occasions I was both mentally and physically much more capable of 'turning to God' than an average dying man or woman can possibly be, but I have not the slightest doubt that had death overtaken me either time, I should have been forever excluded from the New Jerusalem.

Therefore I would say to any reader who may be tempted to put off the settlement of the eternal question for his own soul until his deathbed, 'Seek ye the Lord while he may be found.' 'Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation.' Make the most of it while you have it.

## School and Bible.

(Composed by John Baird, of Thorne Centre, Que., November, 1869.)

(Published by request.)

Why do so many in our land  
Stand in such constant dread  
Lest daily in our common schools,  
The Bible should be read?

Why do they always strive to keep  
The people from that light?  
Should we submit to such a law,  
Think you would we do right?

Man shall not live by bread alone,  
Did Christ the Saviour say;  
By every word that comes from God,  
Shall he subsist each day.

Then Christ commanded us to search  
And we can plainly see  
That God is working by His Truth  
To set the captive free.

The Bible tells of Adam's fall,  
How Satan tempted Eve,  
And shows though dead we yet shall live,  
If we in Christ believe.

Then shall we not read it in school?  
Shall we not teach our youth  
To prize it daily more and more?  
This blessed Book of Truth.

Shall we not read that blessed Book  
Which God was pleased to give,  
To teach us where for help to look,  
That we to Christ may live?—

That we with Christ may live and reign  
That we with him may dwell?  
It shows that he alone can save  
Our guilty souls from hell.

It shows that we should all repent  
And come through Christ alone,  
Seeking redemption through His blood,  
Which doth for sin atone.

It shows that Christ for us hath died,  
But now doth intercede,  
And that in Him all fulness dwells;  
He can give all we need.

The Bible shows our sinful state,  
And points to joys on high,  
And asks in God's entreating voice;  
Why will the sinner die?

Those who reject the word of God,  
If they will read with me  
John, chapter twelfth, verse forty-eighth,  
Their condemnation see.

The words that Christ hath spoken shall  
Judge those at the last day  
Who do reject Him and His word;  
Thus doth that Scripture say.

Lord, grant the grace which I require,  
To tread in wisdom's way;  
Let my path bright and brighter shine  
Unto the perfect day.

Let me sit humble at Thy feet,  
And help me boldly still,  
To show to others by Thy Word  
The way to Zion's hill.

Thy Word doth teach me how to live,  
It tells me how to die;  
Lord, help our youth to know Thy Truth,  
Shall be my daily cry.

Never keep the little ones away from the house of God because they can not understand the profound words of the preacher. Let them go, for their little souls can gain much from the impressive surroundings.—  
'Evangelical S. S. Teacher.'

# LITTLE FOLKS

## As Ye Would Be Done By.

Mabel Grey was a city cousin of Jessie Rivers, and a motherless girl; so it came about that, when Mr. Grey had to go abroad on business, he asked his sister Mrs. Rivers to look after his little girl till his return.

The Riverses lived far from the roar of the city, in a quiet secluded woodland spot called Barcombe-in-the-Woods. There were only Jessie and her older brother Dick; and, as might be supposed, she was something of a tomboy. Mabel's coming did not at all please her.

'A nasty, conceited, stiff thing

enough to make a companion of her. Mabel was a quiet, shy, reserved child, particular in her ways to a fault, and utterly ignorant of country life or habits.

'We'll soon take some of the starch out of her, Jessie,' whispered mischievous Dick to his sister at breakfast next morning. 'Let's put her on Mettle's back.'

It was holiday time, so the children were free to amuse themselves as they pleased.

'Come out and see the ponies, Mabel,' said Jessie after breakfast. So the three went out together.

It was very evident Mabel did

more of horses than is involved in driving behind a carriage one, looked on in amazement.

'Now,' cried Jessie, when she returned, slipping from her seat, 'it's your turn, Mabel.'

'Oh, no!' cried Mabel, shrinking back, 'I—I don't think I can, Jessie.'

'Why, I didn't think anyone could be such a coward,' said Jessie, with a curling lip. Mabel flushed deeply; she felt the careless taunt, and when Dick approached, he allowed him to lift her on Duke's back without any protest.

'I'll hold you at first,' said Dick. 'Now, Duke, move on, old fellow!' which Duke did, perhaps knowing what kind of burden he had on his back, very slowly and cautiously. Mabel clung to the reins, looking anything but happy.

'You can't enjoy this Dead-March-in-Saul pace much,' said Dick. 'I'll leave you now to a little trot by yourself. Don't lean back too much, and there is no danger. Hold on tight, give him a little touch, and you'll see how you enjoy it.'

Dick gave him a little touch himself as he let go, and Duke, who was getting tired of this slow pace, started at a brisk gallop across the field. Mabel turned deadly pale, and clung to the mane with both hands; but she bit her lips tightly together, and would utter no cry. I think if Jessie had seen her now she would not have called her a coward again. But Jessie, under the apple-tree, was laughing unrestrainedly with Dick over the city cousin's ignorance.

Presently Duke came to a stile. If Mabel had continued clinging to his neck, all would have been well, but she was now so nervous she did not know what she was doing. As Duke rose to make the leap, she released her hold, and falling from her seat, struck her head against the stile, and lay there quite still.

'Oh, Dick!' cried Jessie, breathlessly.

Both children ran to Mabel's side. She was very white, and lay motionless with closed eyes. Dick lifted her in his arms.

'Oh, Dick!' cried Jessie again, with a face as white as Mabel's own, 'is she—dead?'



she'll be, going about in gloves all day, and perhaps frightened of our ponies! Oh, I shall despise her if she's frightened of our ponies, Mother!'

'My dear, is it kind of you to speak like that?' remonstrated her mother. 'Jessie, I wish you to be very kind to your little cousin. Remember, God has taken away her mother from her.'

Jessie threw her arms round her mother's neck. She was warm-hearted and generous, if a little selfish.

'I'll try—because you wish me to, Motherie,' she whispered.

But when Mabel came, Jessie thought it would be difficult

not enjoy herself much at the stables.

'This is Bess,' said Jessie, going over to pat a pretty brown horse. 'She's as gentle as a lamb; and isn't she a beauty? Here's Prince, this lovely black creature; and this is Duke, my own, own horse.'

Duke was a fine chestnut, rather large for a lady's horse, but she was Jessie's own choice, and had been a birthday present.

'Now we shall have a ride,' cried Jessie. Dick came up with the saddle, and Jessie, lightly vaulting into it, was soon flying across the fields.

Jessie was really a capital horse-woman, and Mabel, who knew no

'Nonsense!' returned Dick roughly, for he too was white and conscience-stricken, 'she's only fainted! Run and get some water in my cap, Jess.'

Across the lower part of one of the fields a brook ran merrily, in which, in harvest-time, the hay-makers quenched their thirst. Here Jessie, with trembling hands, filled Dick's cap, and brought it back to her brother. Dick sprinkled it on the white face, and soon the two had the inexpressible relief of seeing Mabel's eyes slowly open.

'Oh, Mabel,' cried Jessie wildly, 'are you hurt?'

'Hurt?' Mabel repeated, vaguely. Then, trying hard to recollect herself, she said: 'No, no, Jessie; I'm very silly. I don't know why I fainted; I was so frightened. I am a coward, I know. Will you forgive me?'

'Why, it's you who must forgive me,' cried repentant Jessie. Her eyes were full of tears as she put her arms round her cousin's neck. 'Will you, Mabel? I've been a horrid, selfish, unkind, nasty old thing!'

'No, you haven't,' said Mabel, and she kissed Jessie with far more warmth than anyone would have given her credit for. 'But I think, Jessie dear, you and I are learning what my own dear mamma used always to say was the first Christian lesson—'Do unto others as ye would they should do in you.' From to-day, Jessie, I'll try and be less cowardly; and you—won't you?—will be a little forbearing with me.'—'The Adviser.'

### The Children's Gift.

Earle and Daisy were two dear little children of seven and nine who lived on a farm with plenty of chickens, cows, sheep and horses, but they never thought much how nice all these were as they fed the chickens and ran errands for the family or played merrily about on the grass that formed a green carpet under the trees during the warm summer days.

'To-morrow is mamma's birthday,' said papa one morning at the breakfast table, 'I think we must have a chicken pie in honor of the day.'

'And a birthday cake, too,' said little Earle, as he remembered the nice one he had when he was seven years old.

Mamma smiled as she looked at the earnest face of the little one.

Next morning as papa was going away to his work Daisy asked, 'Papa, can't Earle and I do something to earn some pennies?'

After thinking a moment he said, 'Why, yes, old Brindle has lost her bell in the wood pasture and if you can find it I will give you five cents each.'

'Let us go, Earle,' cried the little girl, and away they ran eager to begin the search. It was no easy task, for there were so many thickets in the pasture that it took a long time to look into each one, but the children ran hither and thither, peering into this place and that in hope of soon earning the promised reward. When they were nearly tired out Earle spied the bell in some bushes where the strap had caught. Wearied and hungry after their morning's work they trudged homeward and in a little while were rejoicing over their ten bright pennies.

Mamma asked, 'What are you going to buy with your money? for I suppose you will spend it when you go for the mail this afternoon.'

'It's a secret, mamma,' they replied as they smiled at each other. 'Wait until we come home.'

Every little while during the afternoon Daisy or Earle would run into the house and ask if it were not time to go to the village.

At last their mother said, 'It is three o'clock now and you can go if you wish.'

She watched them running down the road holding each other's hands and wondered what they intended to purchase with their pennies, for they usually told her all their plans. In an hour later she could hear through the open window their happy voices and shouts of fun as they ran across the porch.

'See, mamma,' they called as they ran into the room, and Daisy held up a pretty white handkerchief, 'see what we bought for you, a birthday present,' and they smiled radiantly through the dust that covered their flushed little faces. 'Isn't it lovely?'

'Why, it's beautiful, my darlings,' said mamma, with a sudden tugging at her heart, as she gathered each little form into a loving embrace.

Her appreciation of their gift filled the children with delight and Daisy remarked with a sigh of contentment, 'I think birthdays are lovely.'—Michigan Advocate.

### Old Saws in Rhyme.

Actions speak louder than words ever do;  
You can't eat your cake, and hold on to it too.

When the cat is away, then the little mice play;  
Where there's a will there is always a way.

One's deep in the mud as the other in mire;  
Don't jump from the frying pan into the fire.

There's no use crying o'er milk that is spilt;  
No accuser is needed by conscience of guilt.

There must be some fire wherever is smoke;  
The pitcher goes off to the well till it's broke.

By, rogues falling out honest men get their due;  
Whoever it fits, he must put on the shoe.

All work and no play will make Jack a dull boy;  
A thing of much beauty is ever a joy.

A half-loaf is better than no bread at all;  
And pride always goeth before a sad fall.

Fast bind and fast find, have two strings to your bow;  
Contentment is better than riches, we know.

The devil finds work for hands idle to do;  
A miss is as good as a mile is to you.

You speak of the devil, he's sure to appear;  
You can't make a silk purse from out a sow's ear.

A man by his company always is known;  
Who lives in a glass house should not throw a stone.

When the blind leads the blind both will fall in the ditch;  
'Tis better born lucky than being born rich.

Little pitchers have big ears; burnt child dreads the fire;  
Though speaking the truth, no one credits a liar.

Speech may be silver, but silence is gold;  
There's never a fool like a fool who is old.

—'Early Days'



## LESSON V.—FEBRUARY 4.

## The First Disciples of Jesus.

John I. 35-46. Memory verses 35-37. Read John I. 19-51.

## Daily Readings.

M. Testimony. Jn. 1: 19-28.  
T. Recognition. Jn. 1: 29-34.  
W. Appreciation. Mt. 5: 1-11.  
T. Father's House. Jn. 14.  
F. The Holy City. Re. 21: 16-27.  
S. Refuse not Him. He. 2: 1-18.

## Golden Text.

'They followed Jesus.'—John 1, 37.

## Lesson Text.

Again, the next day after, John stood, and two of his disciples; (36.) And looking upon Jesus as he walked, he saith, Behold the Lamb of God! (37.) And the two disciples heard him speak, and they followed Jesus. (38.) Then Jesus turned, and saw them following, and saith unto them, What seek ye? They said unto him, Rabbi, (which is to say, being interpreted, Master,) where dwellest thou? (39.) He saith unto them, Come and see. They came and saw where he dwelt, and abode with him that day: for it was about the tenth hour. (40.) One of the two which heard John speak, and followed him, was Andrew Simon Peter's brother. (41.) He first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him, We have found the Messiah, which is, being interpreted, the Christ. (42.) And he brought him to Jesus. And when Jesus beheld him, he saith, Thou art Simon the son of Jona: thou shalt be called Cephas, which is, by interpretation, A stone. (43.) The day following Jesus would go forth into Galilee, and findeth Philip, and saith unto him, Follow me. (44.) Now Philip was of Bethsaida, the city of Andrew and Peter. (45.) Philip findeth Nathanael, and saith unto him, We have found him, of whom Moses in the Law, and the Prophets, did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph. (46.) And Nathanael said unto him, Can any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip saith unto him, Come and see.

## Suggestions.

When the Son of man returned victorious from that awful fight with sin in the wilderness, John the Baptist saw him amongst the crowds who flocked to the Jordan to hear John's preaching. To two of his own disciples, Andrew and probably John (the writer of this Gospel), the prophet pointed out the Messiah as the Lamb of God.

The two men who heard him speak thus of the kingly stranger immediately went in pursuit of the Lord. As they came up to him he turned, and in tones of wondrous love and graciousness asked what they sought. To open their hearts to the Saviour was then a most easy and natural thing to do, so asking permission to visit him and obtaining a gracious invitation, they followed him to his place of abode. There they stayed for the rest of the day communing with the Lord and drinking in the words of wisdom and grace which fell from his lips. What they heard and saw of him there convinced them of his being the long promised Messiah, the Son of God.

The tenth hour according to the Jewish reckoning was four o'clock in the afternoon. But it is probable that this is according to the Roman reckoning, which counted from midnight and midday, making the tenth hour ten o'clock in the morning. As soon as they left the abode of Jesus, Andrew set out to look for his brother that he might bring him to the Saviour. It has been pointed out that as John (the writer of this Gospel) so seldom mentions himself that it is most probable that he was that other disciple whose name he does not mention, and that he also set out to look for his own brother (James) and brought him to Jesus. But Andrew first found Simon and took him to the Messiah, who reading his character at a glance and seeing beyond the outward expression down into the deep possibilities of that character said,

thou shalt yet be called Peter, a rock. This prophecy was certainly fulfilled though it took several years of training and trial and finally the baptism of the Holy Ghost to bring out the strength of Peter's character. No character can be what God means it to be until it is endued with, and controlled by the Holy Ghost.

The next day Jesus went with his disciples into Galilee—where he had been brought up (Luke iv., 14-16). There Jesus found Philip, and having won his heart bade him follow and be with him. Philip who was from the same city as Andrew and Peter, went in search of his friend Nathanael saying he had found him whose coming was foretold by Moses (Deut. xviii., 15, 18; Gen. xlix., 10), and the prophets (Isa. ix., 6-8; xl., 1-10; iii., 1-12; lxi., 1-3; lxiii., 1-6; Hag. ii., 7; Mal. iii., 1; iv., 2.) But when Nathanael heard that the Messiah had come from Nazareth, he asked if it were possible that any good thing should come from that proverbially poor town. Philip spent no time in arguing; one can not describe the beauty of a flower to a blind man, nor can one describe love to him who has never felt that passion. Come and see, urged Philip. And here lies the solution of the problem of unbelief, the age is full of doubt mainly because men will not come and see the Saviour for themselves. They invent difficulties and borrow other men's doubts, they hide behind shadows and profess to believe that there is no light, they will not come and see.

Nathanael was astonished that Jesus knew him and as soon as he saw him, told him the secrets of his inmost heart. But Jesus promised that some day he should see greater things than that. Jesus is, as it were, the ladder between heaven and earth, the only connecting link, for no man can come to God except through him (John xiv., 6) and there is no other name by which we can secure entrance into heaven. (Acts iv., 12).

## Lesson Hymn.

Hark! the voice of Jesus calling,  
Follow Me, follow Me!  
Softly through the silence falling,  
Follow, follow Me!  
As of old He called the fishers,  
When He walked by Galilee,  
Still His patient voice is pleading  
Follow, follow Me.

Hearken, lest He plead no longer,  
Follow Me, follow Me!  
Once again, O hear Him calling,  
Follow, follow Me!  
Turning swift at Thy sweet summons,  
Evermore, O Christ, would we,  
For Thy love all else forsaking,  
Follow, follow Thee.  
—From 'Best Hymns.'

## C. E. Topic.

Feb. 4.—Things that endure. Matt. 7: 21-27. (Christian Endeavor Day.)

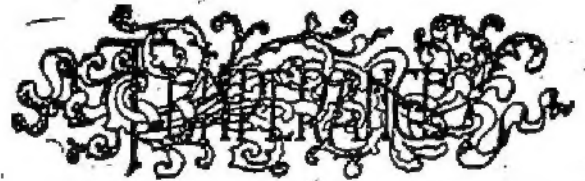
## Junior C. E. Topic.

Mon., Jan. 29. Be truthful. Prov. 23: 23.  
Tues., Jan. 30. Be courageous. Josh. 1: 7.  
Wed., Jan. 31. Be thoughtful. Phil. 2: 4.  
Thur., Feb. 1. Be attentive. Heb. 2: 1.  
Fri., Feb. 2. Be thorough. Eccl. 9: 10.  
Sat., Feb. 3. Be a Christian. I Tim. 4: 3.  
Sun., Feb. 4. Topic—What will make us successful? Matt. 7: 21-27. (A Christian Endeavor Day).

First impressions are always the most lasting. Children are easily moulded when they are children for good or for evil. There are undeveloped powers in every child, which can be influenced for good by the Sunday-school, and expanded and devoted to God's glory. Children are often diamonds in the rough, and by careful instruction in vital godliness they can be polished into the similitude of God. This is an age of education. But the need of our age is Christian education. This is sadly lacking in the secular schools, in many homes and in some Sunday-schools. The possibilities of the child run in two directions, viz., possibilities of good and the possibilities of evil. A pure angel fell and became a devil, a fallen being can become God-like. It takes a sinner saved by grace to become Christ-like, and it took a pure angel after the fall to become a devil. The lamented Garfield said: 'I never look upon a boy, however shabbily dressed, but I think beneath the rough exte-

rior may lie buried talents, if developed, may make him President of the United States.'

Then, Sunday-school workers, take the task the Master gives you, take it gladly; go toil in any part of His vineyard and help to train souls for eternity. No work will bring a richer reward, no toil will meet the Master's approval more heartily, and no greater service can be rendered to humanity than to start childhood in the God-purposed channel of usefulness. Therefore be up and a-doing and use the grand opportunities of your life. —Evangelical Sunday School Teacher.



## Alcohol Catechism.

(Dr. R. H. Macdonald, of San Francisco.)

## CHAPTER II.—ALCOHOLIC LIQUORS.—HOW MADE.

1. Q.—What is alcohol?  
A.—It is a strong liquor found in all intoxicating drinks.
2. Q.—Name the most common intoxicating drinks.  
A.—Whiskey, rum, gin, wine, cider, ale, beer and porter. Any drink containing alcohol will intoxicate.
3. Q.—From what are alcoholic drinks made?  
A.—From fruits, grain, roots, and sometimes from the sweet juices of the stem and leaves of certain trees and plants.
4. Q.—What properties in these things produce alcohol?  
A.—Sugar and starch.
5. Q.—How do they produce alcohol?  
A.—Sugar turns mostly to alcohol when it ferments. Starch turns first to a kind of sugar and then to alcohol.
6. Q.—What grains are used?  
A.—Corn, rye, barley, wheat; in fact all grains have been used, even rice.
7. Q.—How are alcoholic drinks made?  
A.—By malting, fermentation, and finally, for strong liquors, by distillation.
8. Q.—What is malting?  
A.—In malting the grain is first soaked in warm water until it is almost ready to sprout. This causes the starch to turn to sugar.
9. Q.—What is it then called?  
A.—It is then called malt, and it is often dried and may be kept a long time.
10. Q.—What is done next?  
A.—The malt is mixed with hops in great tubs full of hot water, and they are kept in a warm place.
11. Q.—What then takes place?  
A.—The sweet juices of the malt which are full of sugar, and the hops, ferment together.
12. Q.—What is the use of the hops?  
A.—To start the fermentation and make it work faster.
13. Q.—What does this do to the juice?  
A.—It changes the juice into a liquor containing alcohol.
14. Q.—What is the result?  
A.—That the sugar, starch, and juices which were good as food before they were fermented, are now full of the poison called alcohol.
15. Q.—What is produced?  
A.—It produces a thin fluid containing alcohol. The various kinds of ale, beer, porter, lager beer and the like, are produced in this way by changing the process a little.
16. Q.—What are these liquors called?  
A.—Malt liquors.
17. Q.—Are all liquors malted?  
A.—No, fruit juices, which are made into wines, are simply fermented.
18. Q.—Name the fruits used to make fermented liquors.  
A.—Grapes are most used for wine, though other fruits and berries are often employed; apple juice makes cider, pear juice perry, etc.
19. Q.—Describe fermentation.  
A.—When any liquor that contains sugar, like malt dissolved in water, grape juice, apple juice, or sugar cane juice, is exposed to the air in a warm place, it soon changes. It gives out a good deal of gas and we find it full of alcohol instead of sugar.

## How Long a Ladder?

(Edward Augustus Rand, in 'Silver Link'.)

How long is your ladder? That means how high do you mean to climb in life?

Let us put it in the form of an object-lesson where we imagine the object. Imagine a row of ladders planted against a high wall. These are of varying lengths. The first may be only two rounds high, and those rounds very near one another. The second is only a couple of feet higher than the first. Then succeed a number of ladders of about the same height, though above that of number one or two. Beyond these are opportunities for climbing decidedly superior to anything previously offered.

'This is a noble chance,' you say of one or another, or, 'This is the finest opportunity of all.'

A lot of young people are about to try these ladders, when their movement is checked. Somebody wants to hang above each ladder an object said to be appropriate to it. Over the first is a wood-saw or a shovel. Over those of greater length may be a carpenter's plane, a plumber's wrench, or a baker's pan. Now we come to the ambitious ladders. Over one is a physician's diploma, a lawyer's parchment, or a clergyman's paper of ordination.

Now, let the climbers start out. Who will take the first ladder? That means that a person shall not aim to have a trade or learn to do any kind of business, but drift along, getting at last a chance to do the wood-sawing of the village, or do the town's dirt-digging in street or alley. But there goes somebody who attacks the carpenter's, or painter's, or mason's ladder. They purpose to learn how to do something well and so earn a comfortable living. Here is a bright boy or girl grasping the rounds of a college-ladder to become lawyer, doctor, or clergyman.

Let us go further,

Imagine a hole dug at the bottom of each ladder. No matter how long or how short the climb proposed, at the foot of each set of ascending rounds is a deep hole.

Now imagine the climbers again starting out; but this time each has a jug in his hand. It may seem strange to fancy a girl climbing who is thus loaded, but girls sometimes are thus encumbered. Now watch the climbers. How they drop one by one, like apples from the boughs shaken by the rough autumn wind, and tumble hopelessly into the deep holes at each ladder's foot!

'A very foolish procedure,' says somebody, 'to go jug-burdened.'

Not at all more foolish, let us add 'wicked,' than what we see in real life. How many acquire a love for intoxicating drink till at last it acquires them, loads them, overpowers them, and down they drop, a failure, a disgrace, the hole becoming their grave!

Boys, girls, look at life thoughtfully, seriously. Pick out your ladder. Don't be afraid of a long one; but do beware of a short one. Set your aim high, to make the most of yourself and do the most you can for others. Take God's help, live as in His sight, and strike for the skies.

Above all things, don't be a jug-bound climber. Keep yourself clean, pure, stainless. Now climb, climb, climb!

Bishop Charles B. Galloway, who has done more to throttle the liquor power in Mississippi than any other man, says: 'Every pulpit in the land should be a throne of thunder against this monstrous iniquity!' Has it ever occurred to the Methodists, both North and South, that our direful deficits may be the result of our dangerous silence, if not dalliance, with this deadly evil? The army canteen could have been abolished with one stroke of a single Methodist pen, but fearing we might not have a Methodist President for a second term, the churches are as dumb as an oyster, while the canteen, more destructive than miasma or Mauser rifles, goes on with its deadly work!—St. Louis 'Christian Advocate.'

## Correspondence

Aylmer, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Papa said he wrote a letter to the 'Witness' when he was a little boy. Mamma says she used to take the 'Messenger' when she was a little girl. I am a little girl of eight years old. I have a little sister Bessie, three years old. I get the 'Messenger' every Saturday afternoon. I like to read it very much. I am going to try and get some new subscribers for you. I went to the Old Country last summer with papa and mamma and came back late in the fall. The ocean was very rough and I was sea-sick.

OLIVE C.

Bayham, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We live in a very pretty village situated on a hill, there are four creeks here in which we fish and bathe. My uncle keeps a jewellery shop here. My grandpa and grandma live next door to us.

CLARA C. (aged 10.)

South Middleton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am 8 years old. I have one brother and one sister. I live in the country on a farm.

ETTA B.

Whitemouth.

Dear Editor,—My father has two mills, one is a saw-mill and the other is a planing mill. Our teacher's name in day-school is Miss Morrison, and in Sunday-school, Miss Campbell. We take the 'Messenger' in our Sunday-school and like it very much.

LOTTIE R. (aged 11.)

Burleigh.

Dear Editor,—I have two brothers nearly seven years old, they are twins, and one sister five years old and a little baby sister. Our papa went to the North-West last year, and when he was coming home he got sick, and died before he got home. We live with our grandpa and grandma. My aunt takes the 'Messenger' and I like to hear her read the letters in it.

STELLA H. (aged 9.)

Calais, Maine.

Dear Editor,—My father and mother have taken your paper for a long time and now it comes in my name. Last year I got some new subscribers and got a nice Bible. I am ten years old and go to Sunday-school and like my teacher very much. We have formed a 'School Improvement League' in our school and get certificates of membership signed by the State and City Superintendent and the teacher.

EDNA.

Dromore, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am in the second reader. I like my teacher very much. His name is Mr. John Graham. I don't think there was ever a letter from this part before.

BESSIE W. (aged 8.)

Ste. Marthe.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would tell you how much we like the 'Messenger.' I think it is the nicest paper printed, as soon as it shows itself in the house it is read through without stopping. Mother says it is a real 'Messenger' in the house, and that we could not get along without it. I live on a farm of 300 acres. I am going to take violin lessons this winter. We live about three miles from Ste. Marthe.

M. U. (aged 14.)

Camilla.

Dear Editor,—My papa runs a cheese factory. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. We have a nice teacher.

PERCY F. (aged 9.)

Penhold, Alta.

Dear Editor,—My papa keeps the Post Office. I have five brothers and no sisters. We have not taken the 'Messenger' very long, but we think it is the nicest paper for children we ever saw yet. I just love the children's page.

EMMA F. (aged 11.)

Brook Vale, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I go to the Methodist Sunday-school. Our minister's name is Mr. Perry. He is a lovely man. My grandma is 92 years old, she has been sick in bed for nearly four years. I have one sister and three brothers.

MAGGIE A. B. (aged 12.)

Acadia, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live in the country and have two miles to walk to school. My teacher's name is Miss Carrie James, and we all like her very much. I went to her home last holidays and we had such a good time. We went bathing in the Otter River and watched the cars cross the high bridge near Tilsonburg. I am in the second book now, and hope to go to Tilsonburg High school some day.

NELLIE D. (aged 8.)

Dear Editor,—I am ten years old grandpa says a lively little girl at that. My grandpa has taken the 'Messenger' for a great many years, and is a faithful reader of the 'Witness.' He introduced the 'Messenger' to me, so I sent for it and now would not be without it. I have two sisters, but no brother. My grandpa was out and stayed with us five weeks. I was very lonesome when he left.

BERTHA L. C.

Tavistock.

Dear Editor,—I have four dolls. Their names are Sally, Jane, Topsy and Hazel, but I like Sally the best. I have three sisters older than myself.

ANNIE (aged 9.)

Wanstead.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl, eight years old. I have a mile and a half to go to school. We have taken the 'Messenger' for two years. I like to read the Children's Letters and Little Folks' page.

MYRTLE L. S. (aged 8.)

Dapsley.

Dear Editor,—My father takes the 'Messenger' and I like reading the stories in it. I live in a small village called Apsley. I have five brothers and four sisters.

MARIA E.

Gaspereau Forks, Queen's County.

Dear Editor,—I have four sisters and one brother. I go to school. I like the 'Messenger.' I like the Correspondence best.

EFFIE B. B. (aged 11.)

Dear Editor,—I wrote the first of March, but you did not print my letter. Perhaps you did not receive it. I was eight the first of June. This is the second year I have taken the 'Messenger.' My grandma sent for it last year and my grandpa sent this year. I like it better than any other paper I know of. I go to the Baptist Sunday-school regular. My teacher's name is Mrs. Hodgen. I like her very much. Our Sabbath-School is a large one for a country school. Our pastor's name is Mr. Brown. He is a fine man.

MYRTLE G. L.

Glen Fay.

Dear Editor,—My little baby brother is very cross. I would like to nurse him, but mamma will not let me because he is too cross. We take the 'Messenger' and I enjoy reading it very much, especially the Correspondence. The next time I write I will describe the place in which I live.

EDNA (aged 8.)

Harvey Station.

Dear Editor,—I have two sisters and one brother. I have two grandpas and one grandma, thirteen uncles and fourteen aunts, and fifty-one cousins.

MAUDIE (aged 9.)

Burwell Road P.O.

Dear Editor,—I have four sisters and a little baby brother. I have no pets except my little baby brother and he is the dearest of all pets. His name is John Wesley. My uncle from Hamilton was here to see me the other day, the one that sends me the 'Northern Messenger,' and I think it is a grand paper.

MYRTLE SARAH F.

Townsend Centre.

Dear Editor,—I attend the Baptist Sunday-school and I get the 'Messenger' there every Sunday and enjoy reading it very much. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Mrs. Hellyer, and we enjoy her teaching very much. I belong to the Mission Band.

ADAH L. S.

Hemmingford.

Dear Editor,—I have moved since I wrote last. I have three brothers and no sisters. I am nine years old. I go to school. My papa is a minister and I take the 'Messenger.'

HAROLD.

## HOUSEHOLD.

## An Allowance is Best.

Of all the burdens a woman is called upon to bear there is none that can be made so galling to her as dependence, writes a correspondent. Man is usually, in the family life, the breadwinner. Whatever money the woman wants comes to her from his hands. It could, of course, be given her in such a way that she could preserve her self-respect, but it so often is not. Consequently if she is a proud woman, she will bewail in secret her dependence and mourn over the shame and humiliation which it brings to her. Men are seldom so mercenary as women, but the selfish pleasure of showing that they are masters, like the jailer who rattles his keys lest the prisoner forget that he has lost his liberty, they neglect in most cases to make a stated allowance for household expenses, but say with a lordly air: 'The money is always here; if you want any ask for it.' It may be handed over without a murmur, but the very fact of being obliged to ask for it is humiliating to a sensitive spirit.

Were I a man I would not even allow my children to come to me for every nickel they wanted, but would make them an allowance. That would teach them the value of money, would make them less extravagant and would cultivate that feeling of independence which goes so far toward making a successful man or woman.

There are wives who have to use all the diplomacy of a foreign minister to obtain a new gown. Yet that same husband is often secretly ashamed of his wife's 'down-at-the-heel' appearance.

Then there is the unselfish man, who works early and late that his children may, like the lilies of the field, have no need to toil, and to maintain the ostentation of display upon which depends the social success of a vain and frivolous wife. This family seems to think that all the 'head of the family' is good for is to accumulate riches and pay bills. They stand before him with open hands crying, 'Give,' like hoppers waiting for a grist. These men are as much martyrs as any that were ever burned at the stake. Perhaps this same extravagant family, if confronted with the amount in figures which every month they spend more or less foolishly, would be surprised and incredulous. It has been so often urged, but it is safe to again say to all husbands and fathers, make your family an allowance, that in very shame the extravagant may restrict their expenditures, and that the sensitive wife and daughter may be spared the humiliation of begging for a mere pittance, and may not feel their dependence so keenly, when they should in fact be equal sharers in the family purse, although no more than equal. There is justice in all things.—'Ladies' Journal.'

## Woman and Business.

The refusal of men to make their wives confidants in their financial affairs leaves their widows in ignorance of the commonest requirements of business. Men save all their lives in order to provide for their families in the event of their death, yet take no pains to instruct their wives how money matters are conducted. The latter are left without knowledge of how to draw a cheque, balance an account, or make a safe investment. The only books that are put into their hands relate to housekeeping, and assume that, apart from expenditure for food and drink, the wife has nothing to do with the family income. Money is given her for clothes and other wants, without understanding on her part why and how it comes. How, then, can she be expected to know how to manage her husband's savings? She could have learned to manage them as well as a man, but her husband wanted her to feel her dependence on him, and so had never taken her into full partnership. The truth is that confidence in money matters would prevent thousands of good wives from losing the sense of proportion in expenditure on dress, and so lead to a sounder management of life, and save thousands of widows from needless mistakes and spoliation.—Martyn, in New York 'Observer.'

## 'THE WAR SITUATION.'

These are eventful history making days. A daily is therefore a necessity with most people. And most people take one or other of the great city dailies; some take two dailies. The 'Witness' is selected by many because they believe they find in it 'the facts of the case.' Certain it is that the sensational press in manufacturing news to keep up the interest, or in coloring highly uninteresting news, do more to create false impressions than true ones. Surely, truth is more interesting than fiction when the life and death of our brothers and of nations are in the balance. The daily article on 'The War Situation' which appears in the 'Witness' will be found the best consecutive daily history of the war that is published. The 'Witness' has been much complimented on this feature. Its Special War Correspondence from each of the Contingents will keep Canadians at home well informed. The regular subscription price is \$3.00.

**ONLY \$1.00.**—Any 'Messenger' Reader who has not yet taken the 'Witness' may have the 'Daily Witness' on trial for 6 months for \$1.00.

## Selected Recipes.

**New Apple Pie.**—Pare and quarter half a dozen tart apples; put them in a porcelain lined kettle, with a cup of white sugar, a teaspoonful of cinnamon or nutmeg, and a lump of butter. Over it all spread a sheet of thin dough, and cover with a quart of boiling water. Cover and let stew for forty minutes.

**Apple Tapioca.**—Fill a good-sized dish with thick slices of sour apples. Sprinkle over them a little sugar. Take one-half a cupful of tapioca, which has soaked six hours in two cupfuls of water, add a small quantity of salt, pour on a little boiling water, and cook for twenty minutes, stirring frequently. Pour over the apples, cover the dish and bake until done.

**Soup Stock.**—Take five pounds of the shin of beef, three pounds of the neck, the bones of a beef roast or the trimmings of fresh meat; have the meat cut from the shin, and the bones broken in small pieces. Place the meat and bones in a large kettle or stewpan, pouring on seven quarts of cold water; let it stand nearly an hour, then place on the back of the stove, letting it come to a boil. Skim and let simmer four or five hours. When nearly done put half of a red pepper, and when thoroughly done strain the liquor into an earthenware crock. If set in a cold place it will keep a week or more. Remove the fat from the top before using. This forms the basis of all vegetable soups, and quite a variety may be made from it at short notice. The meat from which soup stock is made can be spiced, pressed and served cold, or fried a light brown and served with the soup. The nutriment is all extracted and there is nothing but fibrin left, yet many use it in this way. (This seems to be disputed by some authorities.—Ed.) The bones will serve for a vegetable soup the next day, as bones require a great deal of boiling before all their virtue is extracted. Pour over them two quarts of water, let them simmer an hour or two, add two sliced potatoes, one small sliced onion, one carrot chopped fine, three tablespoonfuls rice, one teaspoonful salt and a pinch of red pepper; boil two hours longer and serve hot.

## A Letter From the Publisher of 'Black Rock.'

Toronto, Jan. 15th, 1900

Messrs. John Dougall & Son, Montreal. Gentlemen,—I noticed in the 'Northern Messenger,' that you announce 'Black Rock' as being published in paper binding at 50 cents. The cheapest, and in fact only, form in which the book is put up is cloth, gilt top, price \$1.00 net. A short note correcting this impression would, I believe, strengthen the value of 'Black Rock' as a serial in the 'Messenger.'

Why do you put this book under the Boy's and Girl's Department? It does not particularly appeal to the young folks.

Yours very truly,

D. T. McAINSH,  
Manager Westminster Publishing Co.

('Black Rock' is appearing in the Department for Boys and Girls because we specially desire them to enjoy it—and because that was the only Department, in which sufficient space could be readily found—and because

we assured ourselves that the older folks would discover and read it, on whatever page it appeared.—Ed.)

## Renew in Time.

Subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger' to avoid the loss of a single number should have the renewal subscription mailed in good time.

Will not each reader of the 'Messenger' send us one new subscription this season?

Why should not each reader of the 'Messenger' send us one or more new subscriptions before another week goes by. If that only did happen we could afford to greatly improve the paper in many ways.

If the 'Messenger' is not taken in your Sunday School, will you not show this copy to your pastor, and say that the rate of subscription to Sunday School Clubs is only 20 cents per annum; and then tell him how much you and your family enjoy the 'Messenger's' weekly visits.

If you have mislaid the Premium List, and would like another, it will be sent you promptly upon receipt of your request. Meantime you had better get to work at once if you want to earn a premium easily, because there are more people willing to subscribe to a paper in January than in any other month. Few can resist so interesting a paper at so low a price.

Tell your friends that if they subscribe to the 'Messenger' at once, back copies containing the first chapters of 'Black Rock' will be sent them free of charge. To purchase 'Black Rock' in book form costs one dollar. By subscribing for the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents per annum, it can be read in the 'Messenger.' Tell your friends about it, and get them to subscribe.

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